

PLEASE SEND A SHORT IN A HURRY NOTE BIO

i moved to a st
with apples in
it but couldn't
get away from
the name of
the book black
apples on the
stairway in
bed i made up
the lovers in
all the poems
called wednesday
know what does
not happen is
what makes the
poem and don't
want this to
be enough

WITH YOUR HEAD ON MY LAP

frost turns tangerine
sun thru the barberry
feeling yr bones thru
velour tiger cat
on the sleeping bag
next to the fire our
hair smells like the
applewood flowers
for the first time on
the crown of thorns

READING THE POEMS IN THAT MAGAZINE

the people in them
have gone some
place else, sick
of the subject

the poems are
smooth are like
stones in a dark
pocket they

have no faces
in this dark
you can only

tell them apart
by their size

THE FACE IN A CLOSET

10 years ago a
woman let her hair
hang he was
waiting in the
grey rain, oshkosh
a poem in his legs

now reaches for their
daughter drawing her
17 states away
back on the blank
end pages of library
books all stamped
unrenewable